

Dead Ends

Die, I want to go now you said,
 eyes almost blind, big blots of grey,
 ailing in a hospital bed.
 then raging carry me away!
 hearing pain, I thirst for colour,
 sick, so sick of this long anger.

Attached to your strings years ago
 now there are fresher cloths to sew.
 dressed, for the first time I say no.

Blood-soaked statues bid me to stay,
 I flee again I'm the outcast.
 roaring newborn tears point my way
 to where I once gave birth. At last
 here I grasp that life never ends –
 Selfishly, the strain just begins.

Jessica Sanfilippo-Schulz

Striving, Halls

My soul wanders through halls of ideas,
 Softly touches rotten reveries
 paraded on chandeliers
 And carefully confirms each one still exists.

My soul floats on paths
 delineated by dreams, delayed.
 But it does not find what it wants
 For every path seems to vanish where it strayed.

Meanwhile, my head stays in the same place
 In your ten square meter chamber of what ifs
 That are barricading every exit.

Dimmed lights flicker on paintings
 Of people I encountered before.
 Daily affairs, unconscious motions
 Immortalized under scrutiny.

Words once seemed to open the gate,
 Now patrolling in solicitation
 They invite me to regress in your compliant simplicity.

Somewhere outside
 Infinitely, my soul roams every aisle,
 While I stay detached from my heart's Versailles.

Anja Keil